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THE TINIEST FAMILY IN THE WHOLE WORLD

Admiral Dot, the Tiniest Husband;
Mrs. Dot, the Tiniest Wife;
Their Baby, the Tiniest
Daughter, and They
Live Near New
York.

There is a trio of attractions at White Plains, N. Y., which, like Katisha's elbow, has no equal and is worth going miles to see. It consists of the tiniest wife, the tiniest husband and the tiniest baby in all the world.

These three are ensconced in a hotel of ordinary proportions just opposite the White Plains depot, and few of the passengers on the trains that the pulling engines whirl by so many times a day dream of the quiet sight that the walks of the building hide. This hotel is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Admiral Dot, the famous midwits. Here they are successfully wooing prosperity and teaching the rudiments of human knowledge to a healthy growing youngster.

To visit the hotel reminds one of nothing as much as the curious story about the island where the children were the rulers and the parents had to go to school, to bed early and to be limited in their rations of sweetmeats. Still, when investigation is made, nothing childish is discovered about either the Admiral or his illiputian spouse except the baby, which is of such importance there as to be almost a story by itself.

Admiral Dot is a model husband, and if his guests are not comfortable it is because creature comfort is beyond their appreciation. The little people are not playing at keeping hotel. It is a business that is conducted on purely business principles. How well this pays is evidenced by the fact that often the accommodations prove altogether insufficient to the number of patrons. In fact, the patronage is increasing so rapidly that an addition to the building will be made next Summer.

In private life Admiral Dot isn't an admiral at all, but Leopold Kahn. He looks after his hotel interests just the same as any other landlord, and those who have business at the hotel are positive his brain is not undersized. He personally welcomes all guests, sees that their wants are provided for and keeps a watchful eye on affairs in general.

No less ability does little Mrs. Kahn display regarding the housekeeping features of the hotel. She is one of those women to whom housekeeping seems second nature, and the appearance and the cuisine of the establishment show ample evidence thereof. Parlor and kitchen are both as neat as the proverbial new pin, and as the little laundress bustles about the house, from cellar to garret, the manifest respect with which she is treated by the servants shows she is given by them that respect genuine ability commands.

The feature of this obviously attractive household, however, is the baby. A healthier, happier child never brought sunshine into a home. It is a tiny baby now, to be sure, but the indications are that one of these days it will be able to carry papa and mamma to any place—one under each arm. Nature evidently determined that two midwits in one family was the limit, and so has bestowed upon this treasured baby the normal capacity in point of growth. So it is, that at two years this baby is fat, strong and lusty in every way—a child of which persons of ordinary size would not grumble. This midwit will never pose as a three-foot specimen of humanity.

Almost every one who can remember the events of a few years ago will recall the interest the public took in Admiral Dot. He led in the plucky march formerly headed by Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt. He was what the youthful journalist delighted to call "the cynosure of all eyes."

Mrs. Kahn used to be Lottie Swartwood, and was then, as now, unusually attractive. She was as dignified as her 40 inches would permit, and in height had an inch more of which to boast than Mr. Kahn.

Both of these little people have had eventful lives. Mr. Kahn was born in San Francisco in 1864, and has had thirty-two years of existence. He grew like any one else for the first three years, and then stopped. In one way it was a family trait, for in every generation of Mr. Kahn's people there has been at least one midwit.

His father, Gabriel Kahn, was, however, taller than the average man, and broad in proportion, weighing nearly three hundred pounds. His mother, who is still alive, weighs two hundred pounds, and his only brother is six feet high. He has an uncle in Baden-Baden, the private secretary of a nobleman, whose son, Major Atom, now twenty years old, is but forty-eight inches high.

In 1871, while Mr. Kahn was sightseeing in Barnum's Museum in San Francisco, Mr. Barnum was attracted by the diminutive height of the little fellow, then six years of age, and after a conversation with his parents engaged him to travel with his circus. He made his first appearance under Mr. Barnum's management at Woodward's Garden, in San Francisco, in the same year. He remained with Mr. Barnum until 1877, when he joined the American Lilliputian Company playing the leading characters in "Jack the Giant Killer," "Punchinello," and in the farce "Doodles," which had been played previously by John Burton, John S. Clarke and Ben De Bar.

ADMIRAL DOT'S BABY—LIFE SIZE.



This Little Girl, Although the Daughter of Dwarfs, Is Sound and Healthy and Will Far Outgrow Her Papa and Her Mamma.
(Sketches from life by a Journal staff artist.)

Startled by Cupid.

Churchill-Astor Engagement
a London Sensa-
tion.

Both Parties Have Been Be-
reaved Within a Twelve-
month.

Each Coily Smiles When Questioned
and Refuses to Talk of Plans
for the Future.

AN EARLY MARRIAGE PROBABLE.

Queen Victoria Dotes on the Bride-to-Be
and May Make William Waldorf a
Knight—Lady Churchill's
Fortune Impaired.

London, Jan. 18.—Directly upon the whis-
pered rumor of Lady Randolph Churchill's
engagement comes the word that Her
Ladyship will be married soon, and that
the preparations for the wedding are all but
made. The news is received with profound
amazement here, and even in the Queen's
circle there is much surprise manifested. It
was not supposed that Lady Churchill would
relinquish her title for a marriage to a
commoner, nor was it held possible that
Mr. Astor, whose tastes are so pronouncedly
British, could wed an American and one
so loyal to her country as Lady Churchill.

Lady Randolph Churchill, born Jennie Je-
rome, of New York, is forty-three years old,
nearly the age of Lady Bessie, and, like
her, one of those eternally beautiful
women that defy time to show its traces
upon their loveliness. In style she is strik-
ingly like Elizabeth of Austria, and in her
manner a typical American, sweet, vivacious
and winning. She has been a favorite
with Queen Victoria and the Prince ever
since the day of her marriage to Lord Ran-
dolph Churchill. Her residence on Con-
naught place has often been honored by
the Queen's presence.

"Lord Randy" was the second son of the
Duke of Marlborough, and brother to the
late Duke and uncle to the present little
Duke. Lady Randolph Churchill is "Aunt
Jennie" to the husband of Consuelo Van-
derbilt, who also gives her new relative
that title. When "Aunt Jennie" marries
William Waldorf Astor, Mr. Astor will be-
come "Uncle Will" to the Duke of Mar-
lborough and the young Duchess. Strange
fate that unites in this far land the two
greatest houses of America, the Astors and
Vanderbilts! Odd that Consuelo Vanderbilt
should call William Waldorf Astor "Uncle!"

Lady Randolph Churchill has been singu-
larly honored by the Queen. Her Majesty
conferred upon her the Imperial Order
of the Crown of India, and gave her the
right of audience at any time. If Wal-
dorf Astor had selected a wife that would
be specially acceptable to Victoria he
could have chosen no other.

There is a rumor here that Mr. Astor,
when he becomes the husband of this
favorite of the Queen, will be knighted
at the first opportunity. His services to
English literature and his wife's place in
Her Majesty's heart would make abundant
excuse.

Lady Randolph Churchill has two sons,
Winston Leonard and John Henry, respec-
tively twenty-two and fifteen years of
age. She also has two sisters, Mrs.
Frewen and Mrs. Jack Leslie, who are
both married to illustrious Englishmen.
Lady Churchill is the handsomest of the
sisters.

When Lady Churchill came to England
she had the largest dowry up to that time
given to an American girl. Her father,
Leonard Jerome, richly dowered this his
first married daughter, and her money,
her beauty and her grace made her the
sensation of the hour. She was one of the
first American women to demonstrate that
interracial marriages "with a tinge"
could be happy ones, and the very first
to appear in public "as the new woman"
with any popularity.

Mr. Astor has several children; one is a
daughter soon to make her debut in so-
ciety. Both bride-to-be and groom have
been bereaved within about a year and
a half. Their engagement, therefore, is
kept as quiet as possible, as being in bet-
ter taste. Their marriage will be very
unostentatious.

In London circles it is said that Lady
Churchill's fortune has been seriously im-
paired the last few years, both by "Lord
Randy's" investments and by his illness,
during which his American wife spent no
money in the hope of curing him.

Congratulations are being quietly extended
to both parties who receive them smilingly,
without denial or affirmation. The
only one who admits an engagement is
young Leonard Churchill, but even he will
not say to whom his mother is to be mar-
ried. "My mother will soon wed," is his
stereotyped phrase.

ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

A Burglar Conferred a Favor by Opening a
Safe.

[West Melford (Mass.) Windmill.]
The proprietor of a large store on High
street went to his place of business at an
unusually early hour this morning; in fact,
the sun had not yet risen when he turned
the key in the door. On entering he was
surprised to find a man trying to open
the door of his safe.

He stood and watched him for some time,
apparently deeply interested in the pro-
ceedings, when finally the burglar swung
open the door of the safe with a delighted
chuckle, but happening to turn he saw that
he was discovered and became very much
alarmed. He jumped up and was about to
make his escape through a back window,
when the merchant called to him.
"Don't be in a hurry, my friend; come
back and sit down a while and smoke a
cigar, while I straiten things up a bit,
and then come home to breakfast with me.
You have done me a great favor."

"Why, how's that?" asked the burglar,
in great surprise.
"Well, you see, I had the combination of
the safe on a bit of paper, and last night I
accidentally locked it in the safe and for-
got how to work it; I spent most of the
night trying to get the thing open, and
came in early this morning to have another
try at it."

Women as Spotters.

[Philadelphia Call.]
"Many register spotters are women," said a
conductor, "and the men are constantly on the
lookout for them. As soon as they are known
the tip is passed along the line, and the con-
ductors point out the women to each other, and
then take especial delight in forgetting to ring
up fares and then making a note of the fare
and turning it in to the division superintendent.
One woman spotter that I knew used to work
the pin racket. She would stick a pin in a cus-
tomer's nose pocket, and another pin in another
customer's in an opposite pocket when the register
bell rang. I know of one conductor who was
discharged for jumping off his car to buy a
paper of pins, which he presented to her."



THE TINIEST FAMILY IN THE WORLD.
Admiral Dot, His Wife and His Baby with Their Great Big Nurse.
(Sketches from life by a Journal staff artist.)